

BANKING AND FINANCIAL

RAILROAD COMPANY,
227 SOUTH FOURTH ST.,

To the Holders of the General Mortgage Bonds of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company.

Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company and hereby requested to call at the office of the company, and to sign the proposed agreement between the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, the Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Iron

General marriage bonds for the sale to the said Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities, trustee, for cash, at par, of ten coupons, or of the registered interest, beginning with that of July 1, 1893, and including that of Jan. 1, 1898, to be held as security for the pro-

ance with the provisions of the plan for the redemption of the affairs of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company and the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company and the funding of the sinking and other indebtedness now in the hands of the said companies, and in consideration of the option to take said certificates at par, instead of selling the same at a discount, and make the same payable to the order of the said company, the undersigned hereby gives of the first moneys applicable thereto.

Notice is hereby given that in order that the plan may become operative and the carried into effect, the said company has agreed that the holders of upward of 90 per cent. of the general mortgage bonds should become holders of the said certificates, and that on or before the 21st day of June, 1893, or the plan will be abandoned.

A copy of the said plan and explanatory statement, and of the proposed agreement with the general mortgage bondholders can be obtained at the office of the company, No. 227 South Fourth St., Philadelphia, or at the office of the undersigned, 100 Broadway, New York, and Oashwood House, Old Broad St., London.

By order of the Board of Managers,
JOSEPH S. HARRIS,
President.

**PHILADELPHIA AND READING
RAILROAD COMPANY.**
227 SOUTH FOURTH ST.,
Philadelphia, May 29, 1893.
*To the Stockholders of the Phila-
delphia and Reading Railroad
Company:*

The stockholders of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company are requested to call at the office of the company and present their certificates to be stamped with the word "assented" and to sign the same. The stockholders are also requested to deliver their certificates of stock to the Trustees, to be held by them or the term of seven years upon the terms and for the purposes set out in the proposed agreement between the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company and its stockholders. This agreement is made one of the conditions of a plan submitted to the Board of Managers for the management of the affairs of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company and the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company and the funding of the floating and other indebtedness now in default.

Notice is hereby given that in order that the plan

of the shares of the stock of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company should become parties to the said agreement on or before the 21st day of June, 1893, or the plan will be abandoned.


Copies of the said plan and explanatory statement and of the proposed agreement to be signed by the stockholders can be obtained at the office of the company, 227 South Fourth st., Philadelphia; the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, New York; and Dashwood House, Old Broad st., London.

By order of the Board of Managers.

President

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the wind whistling through a cemetery
as the wreck of ruined hopes floats

"Every now and then in overhauling literature I see where the old machine

are still letting out loud howls which make me weary."

It was Mr. Tokens, the marine, who thus complained of the gods and their conduct in history as he stowed his trundle bed under the mess table and brought his hairy fist down on the same with a thump that made the dishes dance. The old gentleman looked weary, a condition the skipper remarked on which caused Mr. Skate, A. S. D., to wish he were only half as tired.

The Seven Bellis Club was in executive session in the cabin of the Anchor post-house, with Mr. Tokens in the chair. Mr. B. had been reading something which did not agree with him; it was seldom anything did meet his views, unless it was an invitation to drink, and then he only consented with apparent reluctance.

No one, not even the inquisitive lub-

regarding the old gophers until after the dinner. He had ordered a bottle of red wine with which to make the steaks home. Then the recognized head of the organization addressed Mr. Tokens:

"So the gophers are at it again?" he inquired, though he had the remotest idea of what the marine was driving at.

"They are always at it, howling through the long and the dog watching and making all hands sick. If they didn't have the bones of the birds, why didn't they give an order on the nearest store and let us have peace?"

As Mr. Tokens delivered himself of this remarkable statement the Club exchanged glances, and William Block grew pale.

"Give him some seltzer or something," he whispered to the skipper.

"May I ask you, sir, what kind of literature you have been overhauling

history, I believe they call it, which is full of old gophers who could have bought the lot where the court-house now stands for a pair of boots, or got a quitclaim deed to the after end of Kansas for a pint of whiskey. But they didn't have the boots or the liquor, so they keep on howling."

"He's right," whispered the skipper, greatly relieved. I've heard these howls myself."

"They are driving express wagons now or loafing around in groceries," Mr. Tokens went on, "blowing their lungs out telling how rich they would be if things had been different. That's what makes me weary. It isn't the chowder man has in life, but the way he hooks on to his head and steering gear. You never heard me growling about the hard luck that left me stranded in my old age."

"Have you had some narrow escapes?" asked the lubber.

"Escapes from what?"

"Being wealthy."

"Well, I would say I have. Boots, mouldy blankets and beverages are where, but it wasn't my fault. A lunk-headed, chuckle-brained, tar-tainted, ignorant seaman blasted my hopes in life." And Mr. Tokens broke forth into a torrent of picturesque blasphemy that would have exhausted a pirate's repertoire.

"Don't get choppy," cautioned the skipper as he dragged Mr. Skate back into the chair. "Let the man spit. You ain't the only able seaman alive."

Apologies followed, and then the marine squared away on the course suggested by the old gophers in literature. "A fine day for me to starve on a desert island would have made me pile, but for this bull-headed able seaman. He's dead now and out of the way, but my sailing days are over since I got this leg." Here Mr. Tokens pounded the leg on the floor and displayed a little ornamental wearing.

"We were bound from Liverpool, Australia, with a cargo when an equinoctial gale ripped the canvas off and drove the ship ashore. The ship grounded in the night on Sydney Is. and in the South Sea, one of the Phoenix group, located in longitude 171 degrees 22 minutes west, latitude 25 degrees south, and all hands perished by me and one able seaman. When I came ashore I found ourselves on a desolate lagoon island lying low of the horizon and leagues away from the track of navigation. The hull of the vessel, which was an iron one, was piled up on the beach with bales, barrels and boxes of cargo that came ashore with the wreck."

"There was plenty to eat and drink

I set off to explore the island. The ship's boats were all gone, and I knew we were doomed so far as rescue was concerned, but I never let on to the seaman. It didn't take me long to make the circuit of the island, and I found something that gave me an idea, and a good one, too.

At this point Mr. Tokens was again overcome. He smote himself on the brow and cursed the memory of the able seaman who had blighted his life. A drink, however, restored him, and he started in again.

"Where was I at?" he asked.

"You had just made a discovery," replied the lub, simply interested.

"About one hundred yards from the wreck and close to the beach I stumbled onto a sperm whale aground on his stomach in a dry gully with his head out to sea. He was partly buried in the sand washed up by the gale."

"Was the whale dead?" Willie Bloke inquired.

"Of course he was. Do you suppose he was cruising inland if he was?"

I reckon killed him before the storm threw him up on the island. Going back to the seaman and giving him a few more kicks—rapid ones these I told him we were saved.

"How so?" he says.

"Ask no questions," said I, "but turn about 40 feet long, with a wooden plug in each end. We pulled the plugs out and then went to overhauling the cargo. Luck was with me and I soon found what I wanted. This was a lot of barrels of loose cotton packing in longars of the size of a man's thumb. We started digging in the sun, and when I got me and the able seaman plaited a bowline to fit the iron spar. Then we rolled it through, with about ten fathoms spare, and planted the spar in the whale's blowhole, with the extra wire floating around in the spermaceti inside of his head. I reckon the whale had about twenty barrels of fine oil in his brain and a few more in his stomach. We tore wire cables, and then I made the seaman shin up and touch her off."

"Did it burn?" the skipper gazed inquired.

"You have seen a tar barrel alight, reckon. Well, that is a tailow dip compared to my lighthouse. She loomed like a torchlight procession on end. The able seaman had a shirt on and I was naked and wanted to kiss my hands, but I set him to work with a shovel burying the whale. It was hot weather and I wanted to keep the oil cool. I worked all night we got the whale up under cover, caving in the soft sides of the gully, and then barked the base of the spar with rocks.

"In the morning I concluded to dig

snuff the wick, but the blooming spar was so hot he couldn't get more than half way up. There was nothing to do but loaf around and let her burn.

"For nearly three weeks she blazed, lighting up the sea for miles around. The light attracted herds of all kinds of sea animals, and kept us busy day after day, time drawing away the fowls that flew into the flame at night, and the smell of burning feathers nearly drove us off the island, anyhow. At last a trading schooner raised our beacon light, put in, and we were saved. The captain was struck with my lighthouse and wanted to know how I kept her going. So I told him all we discovered."

"I said, giving the able seaman a kick."

"'SS', said the captain: 'and who owns the island?'"

"'We do,' I said, and so did the able seaman before I could kick him again."

"'Do you want to sell out?' he asked."

"'To be sure, if you've got the figure,' I said."

"'How much?'"

"'Forty thousand dollars in cash money.'"

"'Done,' said the captain. 'Come aboard the schooner and get the money.'"

Once more Mr. Tokens filled up and was about to founder, but the skipper rescued him with a pull at the bottle. Then he fetched a sigh that sounded like

"'Dad bin his onery picture, but the able seaman was low and ignorant! I wasn't rigged for business, but got frothy all at once, and said he wanted a plug of eating tobacco to boot on the \$40,000 before he left the island. You see he thought he was smart like me, and he wanted to get my tobacco."

But the captain was pretty close-hauled on a dent himself. I kicked the seaman some more and promised him two plugs when we got back to San Francisco, but he said he was no flying-ship, and that wealth would make me proud and haughty."

"We backed and filled for two days with the wind to have."

Then the captain was about to split the difference with half a plank, and the whale went dry, the wick re, and I was left on my beam ends. Holy smoke, but that captain got mad! He threatened to leave us on the island, but the able seaman begged so hard that the old man calmed down again and allowed us to work our passage home. But we might have owned the schooner."

At this point in his narrative Mr. Tokens lurched heavily, his sail came down with a run, and he threatened to roll his spar deck under. But the skipper and Mr. Skate took charge of the derelict and made a rough passage home in the schooner back to San Francisco. In San Francisco Examiner.